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Cowley (Abraham)

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6.71. c. 33

HEROICK POEM.

Upon the Late

Horrid Rebellion,

His MAJESTIES

Happy Restauration:

AND THE

MAGNANIMITY and VALOUR

OF HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

JAMES

DUKE of YORK,

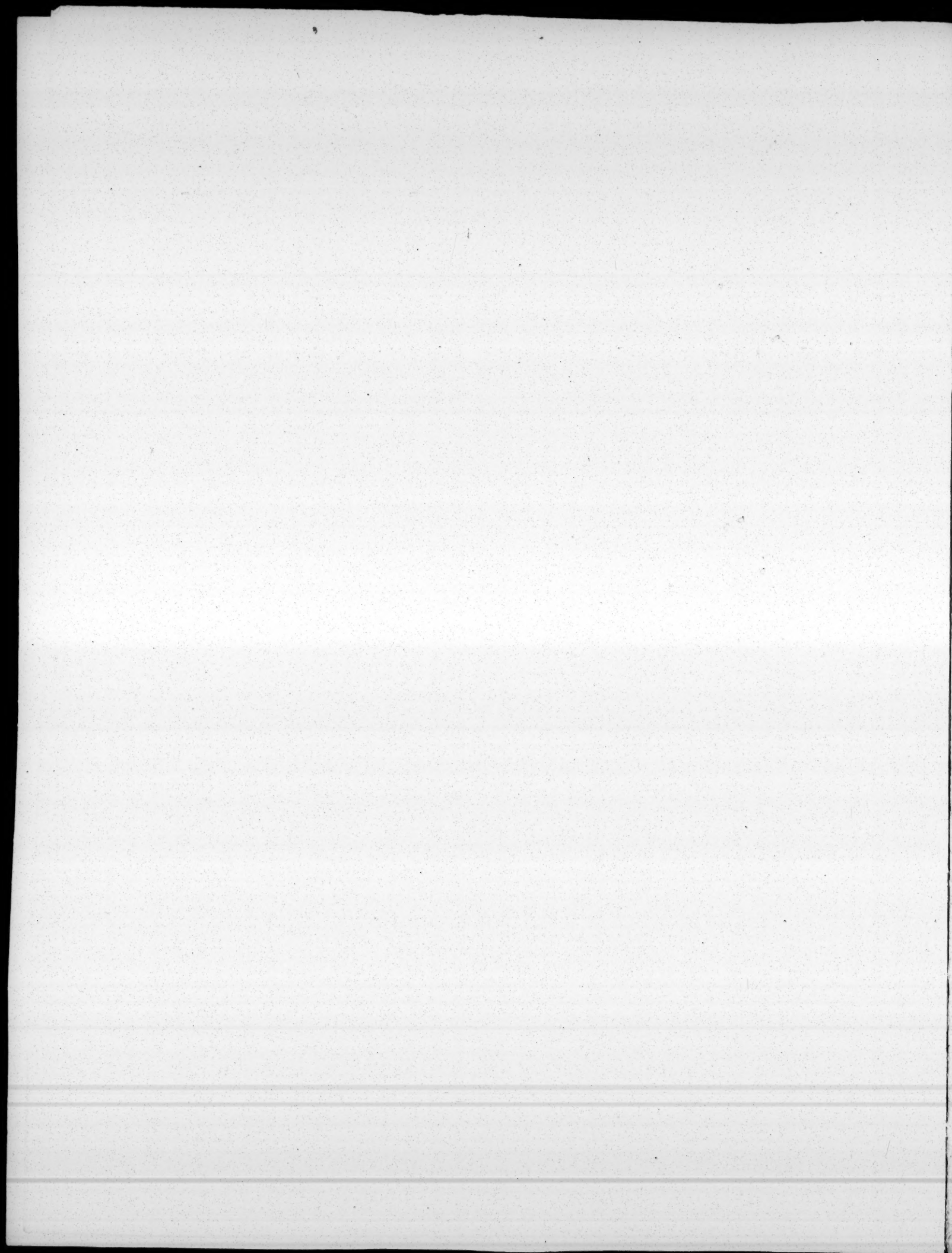
In the Late

Dutch VVAR

WHEREIN

He Exposed His Royal Person to the greatest Dangers, for the Safety and Interest of this Nation.

London, Printed for T. D. 1683. 4 Aug.



Aug. 1820

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An

Heroic Poem, upon the
late Rebellion, Restoration, &c.
1603

HEROICK POEM.

Upon the late

Horrid Rebellion

His MAJESTIES

Happy REBELLION:

AND THE

MAGNANIMITY AND VALOUR

OF HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

JAMES

DUKE OF YORK

In the late

Dutch WAR

WHEREIN

He expelled His Royal Person to the greatest Dan-
ger for the safety and interest of this Nation.

London Printed for W. D. 1687.

The Preface.

THis little Poem I have Collected and Translated from the Sixth Book of Mr. Cowley's Plantarum, being intermix't with other Matters and Circumstances. I am very sensible how ill this Piece represents the Life, for if no Copy was ever so good as the Original, (as the Divine Cowley himself says) how imperfectly must the greatest Master perhaps that ever the world knew (Virgil excepted) be copied by the Pencil of a Dawber? However this Translation may give you a tolerable Prospect of the Sense of the Author and the Beauty of his Thoughts, though divested of their Ornaments, and perhaps these ill-dress'd Lines may at least be acceptable to those who have not the advantage of seeing them in their rich Habiliments. I have avoided a servile, verbal translation, observing that noted Rule of Horace :

Non verbum verbo reddere fidus
Interpres. —————

the only way an Author can be rendred perspicuous, and (I may say) intelligible in another language.

By a verbal Translation nothing almost can be rendred well, and some things not tolerably; As Mr. Dryden in his excellent discourse of Translations before Ovid's Epistles, observes.

I will produce an instance out of the Sixth Book of Mr. Cowley's Plantarum here translated :

The Preface.

Tergeminique eâdem fratres in morte Jacentes.

The greatest Favourite of Apollo (I doubt) cannot render this well into English any way, much less by a literal translation.

In some places of this Poem the sence is not determin'd at the end of the Stanza, which (tho improper in Original Poems) I think an ill natur'd Judge may excuse in a Translation, where a man ha's, at the best, but a limited, and no absolute power, being confin'd to the sence of the Author ; which rather than pervert, I choose sometimes to be a little irregular in inconsiderable matters.

1. When

(1)

1.

When *Charles* the Pious, Son of *James* the Wise,
In Peace and Plenty *Britain's* Scepter sway'd,
His Subjects happy (if they knew to prize
Their happiness) by his just Reign were made.

2.

Happy above all Kings, while Fate permits,
Till the curst Tempest of Rebellion came,
Now he 'bove Envy blest securely sits
Among the Gods, crown'd with immortal Fame.

3.

For while the dreadful Storms of cruel War
Did all the rest of *Europe* rudely spoil,
Peace o're the Ocean flew disturb'd with fear,
And built her warm Nest in the *British* Isle.

4.

Nor did the fruitful Goddess sit in vain,
For strait, Faith, Justice, Plenty, (who's full Horn
A Cure for most Diseases do's contain)
The golden Off-springs of rich Peace were born.

B

5. Such

(2)

5.

Such I believe was *Saturn's* Golden Reign.
So smoothly pass'd his quiet years away,
Till Fortune her own weight could not sustain,
Envy'd by Gods, by Men contemn'd, she lay :

6.

And rash inconstant men too happy made,
Tir'd with the kindness of a lovely Wife,
Exchange her for an ugly painted Jade
Fickle and lew'd; *O blessed Change of Life.*

7.

A seeming vigorous and luxuriant Health
Death or *Disease* approaching still portends,
When without cause apparent, and by stealth
Languishing nature with it's own weight bends :

8.

Such was the *Britans* fair and sickly State,
Happy, if Happiness they could have known.
Impute not yet their ignorance to Fate,
Since it was wilful, and the crime's their own.

9. Fore-

(3)

9.

Fore-warning Prodigies, alas ! in vain
The fatal Anger of the Gods proclaim ;
So is fierce Thunder (which big Clouds contain)
Before it breaks, known by fore-running Flame.

10.

I saw, (and still, *methinks*, the horrid Sight
I plainly see) *sad Signs* o're all the Skies;
Heav'n seem'd the Tragic History to write
Of all our *sad* approaching Miseries.

11.

The *Heavens* (which I tremble but to tell)
Which a bright *Fiery Tempest* did infold,
Did represent the *Burning Face of Hell*,
And about waves of Flaming Sulphur roll'd.

12.

Strait then appear'd within a broken Cloud
A horrid beauteous Scene, two Armies plac'd
And Marshall'd in rare Order, ready stood
For Fight, with shining Armour nobly grac'd :

B 2

13. Not

(4)

13.

Not *Monck* himself, that Hero *Monck*, the Grace
And Pillar of his falling Country nam'd,
In better order could those Armies place,
Monck above all in War so justly fam'd :

14.

Who perhaps in some Figure then express'd
In the Cœlestial Army fiercely rode,
High mounted on a Noble, Fiery Beast,
Gracing the Heavens, looking like a God :

15.

I heard (unless fear did my senses cheat) (Horse
The Trumpets sound the Charge ; here Wings of
With bodies bended forwards fiercely meet ;
The Foot their Spears brandish with mighty Force,

16.

They from ætherial Guns true Thunder send,
Involving in dark Clouds the Heav'nly Field,
Which did the Cloud-begotten Men defend
From mortal Eyes, and their brave Acts conceal'd.

17. Yet

(5)

17.

Yet a confused Prospect of the Fight
And of the Sky with Bloody Rivers swell'd
We had by the Armours Brightness, and the Light
Of the dire, threatening Flames the Guns expell'd.

18.

At length the Army which the better shew'd,
And Nobler both in Men and Armour, flies :
But from the rest a dismal gloomy Cloud
And Darkness of the future seal'd our Eyes.

19.

But nor these Prodigies, nor many more,
Which at that time by Pious Men were seen,
Did stupid *England* to it's Sense restore,
Careless, as if it had Lethargic been ;

20.

Who then the Murmurs of the foolish Croud,
Or hidden Seeds of *Zeal Phanatic*, fear'd ?
Or Monsters of the *Caledonian Wood* ?
And impious *Cromwell* had not then appear'd.

21. First

21.

First rose a Cloud from *Caledonian* ground
 Which did the *North* and gentle *Tweed* invade,
 Forgetting once he did two Kingdoms bound
 He thinks of one he is the Center made :

22.

By popular Winds fiercely impuls't it flies
 To frighten *England* with it's deadly Shade,
 First to move terrour only *Scotland* tries,
 And in cool blood a Scene of War is plai'd.

23.

A Silver show'r soon put the Foe to flight,
 A sort of Weapon never understood
 By our Forefathers, who alone in Fight
 Profuse, bought Peace with the sole price of Blood.

24.

And yet this people prodigal and vain,
 Who did so dearly a short Peace create,
 Lasting Rebellion purchas't and Prophan
 Dire Civil War at a much dearer rate :

25. Now

(7)

25.

Now Peace it self with the first Blood was stain'd,
(O dreadful Omen of ensuing Fate !)
A purple Fountain op'ning she prophan'd,
And in the Senate with the Furies late.

26.

A great man falls by th' Envy of the Great,
A just by th' unjust hatred of the Croud,
Noise do's the wise and Eloquent defeat :
Rivers of Blood (*Strafford*) thy sacred Blood
Must expiate, which Miseries will bring
Both to the guilty People and the guiltless *King* :

27.

Worcester condemn'd for the first seat of War,
A mournful Victor her good fate deplores,
Her *Severn's* Tears and Murmurings declare
Her Grief ; she rages, foams, and beats the shores ;

28.

But she that now with so much grief and care
The op'ning of the War do's apprehend,
(Who can believe it ?) of this fatal War
With much more sorrow shall behold the End :

29. Me-

Methinks I'me mounted high on *Kinton Hills*,
 The Vale beneath with a red Sea of Blood
 Is overflow'd, and dire *Bellona* fills
 With heaps of slaughter'd Men, the sanguine Flood.

What a prodigious Harvest through the Field
 Is reap't by *Fiery Rupert's* conquering Sword?
 What heaps are by the *Pious Monarch* kill'd?
 A mourning Conqu'rour: If the Fates afford

Still a propitious Course, but this one Day
 To all that kind of Ills will put an End,
 Th' o're hasty Conquest stumbling in the Way
 Fell ere it had the Neighbouring Goal attain'd.

Then *Mars* through all the *British Empire* rag'd;
 From the *Lands-End* to *Orkney* by the Sun
 Coldly oblig'd, no place is disengag'd;
 Posses't with Fury all to Ruine run.

What cruel Serpent of the Furies Brood,
 Unhappy *England*, did thy Health confound ?
 All thy sick Members flow with poison'd Blood
 That thy whole Body seems but as one Wound.

Thrice were thy Fields, unlucky *Newberry*,
 With Slaughter and Destruction cover'd o're ;
 And thy sad Fame in horror do's out-vie
Philippi's Fields twice-dy'd in humane Gore :

Long was the Ballance even held by Fate,
 Who did of Both the nodding Ruin poise
 VVith mutual Slaughter, and alternate Weight
 Of damage ; Equal were their Griefs and Joys.

First *Yorkshire's* cruel Fight severely shakes
 And turns the Scales of VVar, and *Naseby's Field*
 At last a VVound profound and mortal makes
 Never by Art or Fortune to be heal'd.

37.

The rest (ye Gods) permit me not to write ;
 But Lo ! a wondrous and deformed Heap
 Of Miseries at once invade my sight ;
 What Spoiles of War the Impious Victors reap.

38.

The *King* in a Poor rustic Habit dress'd
 ('Twas the first time he ever us'd Deceit ;
 Though greatness still his sacred Looks express'd,)
 Flying the Foe, flies to a Foe as Great.

39.

What place will to the Conquer'd help afford ?
 A *King*, a *Guest*, a *Suppliant* in vain
 Of his own-Country-Subjects aid implor'd :
 Ungrateful men, perfidious and prophane !

40.

So do's the self-wrack'd Pilot freely leap
 Into the threatening Waves he fear'd before,
 From out the fierce Flames of his burning Ship,
 Whom cruel Waves again to Flames restore.

41. With

41.

With Prayer's and Threats the Conquerours demand
 The King as a just Spoil of War, detain'd
 By fraud ; such Seeming proofs of Love they give
 You'd think without their King they could not live.

42.

No less the Scots their zealous Love declare,
 They to restore their Royal Guest deny,
 And stily urge and claim their right and share
 He's not so vile, but *England* yet must buy,

43.

Or not possesse him. O unheard of Shame,
 Which will in vain to Future Times be told !
 The *Potent Lord*, of Sea, and Land, became
 A *Slave* ; the *Master's* to the *Servant* fold.

44.

Far be it that this great and horrid Crime
 On your whole Nation (*Scotland*) should be thrown ;
 Your Virtue did the Sin of part redeem ;
 And with much Blood for Crimes of Few atone.

C 2

45. Scarce

(12)

45.

Scarce did the Arms hung up in houses rest
But a long Course of Civil war return'd ;
VWho by base Tyrants saw the King oppress't,
And made a Prisoner, but with Anger burn'd :

46.

Scotland, though late it did thy Anger move,
And the just Rage of *Generous Kent* inflame
VWhich above life it self do's Freedom love ;
And *Wales* which still maintains the *Britains* Fame.

47.

VWhy should I mention the unhappy Fights,
The trembling *Ribla* stain'd with humane Blood,
Or routed *Scots* who in their hasty Flights
Did stop the very Current of the Flood ?

48.

VWhy should I *Medway* swell'd with Slaughter name
Or *Colchester's* long cruel Seige relate,
VWhose Courage greatest Mis'ries ne're could tame
And who deserv'd a more propitious Fate ?

49. VWhy

(13)

49.

Why should I recollect the Glorious Fate
Of Lords who bravely fighting dy'd in Field ?
Or their sad ignominious Death relate
Who to the cruel Victors Mercy yield ?

50.

After such Ruins, and such Miseries,
So many Wounds by advers Fortune given,
So much the *Pious King* did Life despise,
That he thought Death the greatest gift of Heaven.

51.

But Oh ! the impious and tremendous Deed
Can n're be curs't enough by after-times ;
It Hells most sharp Invention do's exceed
To find a Torment equal to their Crimes.

52.

I'th' Peoples fight, the *King* from Prison led,
On a *High Scaffold*, just before the Gate
Of his cheif Palace, bows his *Sacred Head*.
To the *Hangmans hands*—————

53. Wounded

(14)

53.

Wounded on all sides now poor *Britan* dyes
Drown'd in the Blood which from her self did flow,
A *Headless*, nameless, deform'd *Carkass* lyes,
A *Monstrous*, *Lifeless*, *Trunck* which none could know.

54.

Who would not hope (tho there was nothing less)
In Death soft *Quiet*, and eternal *Rest* !
Lo ! numerous vile Souls in Tumults press,
And ('stead of One to rule) the Limbs infest.

55.

Vile Sons of Earth by base Corruption bred,
Worms, pois'nous Insects, and black Serpents croud,
And *Cromwell*, greatest of the Serpents fed
Upon the very Marrow and the Blood.

56.

A noisom Odor's through the World diffus'd.
Sin and Injustice Justice then became,
No Rains *Impiety* now *Reigning* us'd
To Fury, having pass't the Bounds of Shame.

57. 'Twas

(15)

57.

'Twas counted Sport to see the Scaffolds fix't
In every Street bedew'd with noble Blood ;
To see in Pairs hangmen and Worthies mix't
O Gods ! as Shows presented to the Croud.

58.

The good man's standing Mansion was the *Gaol*,
Th' Access to which with Crouds was early press't ;
But weary'd Cruelty at length did fail,
And was compell'd a while to breath and rest ;

59.

Infatiate Avarice no Cessation makes ;
No Limits to it's violent Rage appear ;
The Warriour often willingly forsakes,
But the Prosciber hardly quits the Spear.

60.

All that preceding glorious Kings had heap't
With a Magnificent and Sparing hand,
The noble Spoils in bloody Battel reap't,
And all the Riches by long Peace attain'd ;

61. VVhat

61.

What our Forefathers generous Piety,
 And rich *Religion* in a splendid Dress
 Did to the Sacred Altar's Use apply;
 All the *Estates* the *Nobles* did possess;

62.

And those whoe're of Loyalty and Lands
 Were Guilty found, O wretched Avarice!
 Not all these Riches could the Harpy-hands
 Of the Tyrannic Sons of Earth suffice.

63.

Nor is't enough alone to take the Spoils
 Of Gods, and the Kings Houses; these unjust
 And impious Men destroy the stately Piles.
 Of very Ruin there's a wicked Lust.

64.

In every place the groaning Carts are fill'd
 With Beams and Stones, so busie and so loud
 Are the proud Victors, as they meant to Build,
 But they to Ruin and Destruction croud:

65. Tim-

(17)

65.

Timber, which had been bury'd many Years
Under high Royal Towers, they invade.
'Tis sure that Hand the Living never spares
Which is so wicked to disturb the Dead.

66.

Then all the Woods the barbarous Victors seize,
(The noble *Nursery* of the Fleet and Town,
The hopes of War and Ornaments of *Peace*)
Which once Religion did as Sacred own.

67.

Now Publick Use and great Convenience claims
The Woods from private Hands inviolate;
Which greedy men to less devouring Flames
Do for sweet Lucre, freely dedicate.

68.

No Age they spare, the tender Elm and Beach,
Infants of thirty Years they overthrow,
Nor could old Age it self their Pity reach,
No Reverence to hoary Barks they know.

D

69. Th'

69.

Th' unhappy Birds, an ever-singing Quire,
 Are driven from their antient shady Seats,
 And a new Grief do's *Philomel* inspire
 With mournful Notes, which she all night repeats.

70.

Let them the Woods and Forrests burn and wast,
 There will be Trees to hang the Slaves at last ;
 And God, who such Infernal men disclaims,
 Will root 'em out and throw 'em into Flames.

71.

Mean while expell'd his cruel Country's Shores
 The great *Carolides* through foreign Lands
 Wanders, and Aid, alas ! in vain implores ;
 Still cruel Fate his Happiness withstands.

72.

How did he suffer both by Sea and Land,
 That Pious Son of an immortal Saint !
 Chearful he bears the troubles Fates command
 Till they grew weary, though he ne're did faint :

73. The

73.

The Reverend Young Man made Fortune yield,
 And in due Course of time by Fate design'd
 His Scepter which so fast a Tyrant held
 At last was gently to his Hands resign'd.

74.

But before Fate the happy Signal makes,
 Fierce and impatient unto Arms he flies,
 Despising Life, and courting Fame, he breaks
 Through Seas block't up with hostile Ships and Ice.

75.

To a late hostile, still suspected Land
 He goes; *The Oliverian Powers of Hell*
And Furies trembling and confounded stand,
 To see great *Charles* to his own Kingdoms sail :

74.

Impetuous Waves and raging Storms they raise,
 In vain to sink the Sacred Ship they strive,
 Their Thunder cannot violate his Bays,
 In vain they stop the Ship which Fate do's drive :

D 2

77. Vain

77.

Vain is their Fear, since *Cesar* it Conveys
 Safely conducted by the Almighty's Hand,
 But yet not *Cesar's Fortune*; which to raise
 Do's other Arm's (and yet scarce Arms) demand.

78.

In vain the *Scots* (now chang'd) invite the King,
 Though They some Honour for that Action bore,
 And thence a Man (by happy Stars) did spring,
 Who did in Arms with Peace the King restore.

79.

In the mean time *Great Fergus* greater Heir
 (Who's Right is from a hundred Kings deriv'd),
 Did to the Reverend Church of *Scone* repair,
 And there the Antient *Scottish* Crown receiv'd,

80.

With an unlucky Sign, though great Applause,
 The Crown not being in due manner plac'd;
 The Insulting conquering Foe did rage, and cause
 Disturbance, and the Solemn Rights infest.

81. But

(21)

81.

But now his Royal Father's Murder fires
Charles with Revenge, *Just Indignation* stings
His Breast, Virtue incens't a Soul inspires
Worthy the Off-spring of a hundred Kings.

82.

He scorns to be by an inglorious Siege
In the utmost Limits of his Kingdom shut
Nor shall the coming Winters Aids oblige
Him, whose great Faith is not in Mountains put.

83.

Wholly resolv'd for War, He gives the Rains
To Fortune and his Courage, distant Tay
As his Confinement nobly He disdains,
But ev'n with Death to Thames designs his way.

84.

The amazed Enemy is left behind,
Who of the Horror of this Action speak
With Trembling and Confusion of mind;
But Valour is without good Fortune weak:

85. At

85.

At length arrives the long, long wish't for Day
 For which with Pray'rs and Tears the *Britains* sue'd ;
 The King through thousand Dangers of the Way
 On *Severn's* Banks with a good Army stood ;

86.

Thus far a Victor, better had it prov'd
 If He Advances to the *Thames* had made ;
 The King himself this sounder Counsel mov'd,
 But powerful Votes, with Counsels mixt, dissuade.

87.

Now, Warlike *England*, now's the time ; To Arm's,
 Defend the Son, revenge the *Father* kill'd,
 (If Piety has yet prevailing Charms)
 And your poor ruin'd *Country* now rebuild.

88.

England's ill Genius now alarm'd with Fears,
 Who on the Ruin of Good men did dwell,
 More vigilant than *Cromwells* self, prepares
 A Cruel Poison by the Arts of Hell ;

89. One

(23)

89.

One of the sleepy, cold, and fearful Snakes,
Sloaths Opium, which binds the Nerves with Cold ;
Poison of griping Avarice he takes,
Which close (*Torpedo*-like) the Hand do's hold :

90.

He Drops of *Lethe* mixes, every Breast.
With these he sprinkles, strait moist Poison came
Upon them, and deep Lethargy posses't
England forgetting her own Health and Fame.

91.

Yet here true Courage did not *Charles* forsake,
Whom Fortune and his People now desert ;
Innumerable Foes surrounding could not make
Him yield, or Conquer his Heroic Heart ;

92.

Witness, Ye *Hills*, not since call'd Red in vain,
And *Severn's* Waters stain'd with humane Blood,
And fatal *Worcester* which did first sustain
The War, and to it's Course a Limit stood.

93. The

93.

The last unwillingly he quits the Field
 After a cruel Slaughter and the Flight
 Of th' Army, last the Captive Town do's yeild;
 And from near Hills looks back with Rage and Spight.

94.

In haste he recollects his scatter'd Men
 (But few so great a Shipwrack scap't) to try
 His extream Fortune, and at last regain
 The Day he lost, or in it Nobly dye :

95.

The Valiant *Derby*, faithful *Wilmot* fam'd
 For Armies, who both the *King* and *Charles* did love,
 And *Buckingham* with Honour always nam'd
 Prepar'd for both, this Generous Vote approve.

96.

Buckingham Valiant, Beautiful and Young,
 A benign Star at home, and in the Field
 Like violent Lightning, an *Achates* strong
 Worthy to bear his great *Æneas* Shield.

97. There's

97.

Ther's no Delay, with Fury they return ;
 Nor is it *Hope* so much their Minds alarms,
 But a brave generous *Despair* do's burn
 Their Hearts, and drives them to unfortunate Arm.

98.

Thus do's the King with a Few more, who know
 (By Glory taught) that Death can never prove
 Or to the Wretched or the Brave a Foe :
 The rest such Noble Knowledge could not move ;

99.

Trembling their *King* and *Leader* they forsake,
 Who in vain the Deaf do's court and animate,
 In hasty Flight they all disperse, and take,
 Inglorious Life before a Glorious Fate :

100.

Now, brave young Man, alas ! in vain so brave,
 Who can preserve Thee every where beset ?
 What God himself can extricate and save
 Thee (*Sacred Charles*) from Fortunes Cruel Net ?

E

101. Yes,

101.

Yes, this great Miracle to *Charles* the Saint
 The Eternal God who is Omnipotent
 As a Reward for Martyrdom will grant,
 And ev'n his *Pray'rs* for Mortal *Charles* prevent.

102.

There stands in th' utmost limits of the East
Of rich Salopia, a *Wood fair* by Name ;
 Now (though 'twas once obscure and humbly blest)
 No place is Brighter with the Beams of Fame :

103.

Hard by, a sacred and auspicious Pile,
White Ladies call'd, did the poor King invite
 To Bread and Refuge (mighty gifts !) a while,
 And here his growing Fate became more Bright.

104.

But not before he had put off the King ;
 Here weeping he dismiss't his weeping Friends,
 No Tears do from his own Misfortunes spring,
 Upon their Dangers all his Grief depends.

105. The

(27)

105.

The Gems and Gold which did so much adorn,
The Garter, and all Objects of Delight
He leaves, nor is St. *George's* Image worn,
The Dragon vanquishing the Sacred Knight.

106.

His long, black, graceful Curls by Scissars fall,
Nor is't enough his Crown fell from his Head.
A poor Cloath Suit he wears, nor is that all,
He acted Poverty, and was poor indeed.

107.

Alas ! too strictly the great Monarch bears
Th' old Slav'ry of this House ; for he forsakes
All worldly Pomp, poor sordid Cloaths he wears,
He cuts his Hair, of Friends sad leave he takes.

108.

Now he's a *Monk* ; soon after cruel Fate
Not ev'n a House to cover him allows ;
Then he's a *Hermite* ; in a wretched State,
Alone, he hides among the shady Boughs ;

E 2

109. Yet

(28)

109.

Yet even this curs't Fortune too denies ;
From him the very Earth the Tyrant takes,
Scarce to the Fugitive a Tree supplies
A Seat, and in the Air safe Harbour makes.

110.

Under a cruel Sky in Wind and Rain,
With sordid Hair and a more sordid Dress
He sits ; great signs of Grief, but more of Pain
And extream Labour his sad Looks express ;

111.

His Face a little too with Smutch is dy'd,
Yet in his Looks do's Sacred Brightness dwell,
Nor can his Majesty disguises hide,
Whose Beams all Darkness and vain Clouds dispell.

112.

Some body comes, ye Gods, preserve the King ;
O all is well ! the Gods to men are just,
No Traytor, but a Royalist they bring,
The valiant *Carlos*, faithful in his Trust ;

113. He

113.

He happily with Want and Danger press't
Is on this Coast by the same Shipwrack cast.
O happy! O much more than *Cromwell* bles't,
On whom ill Fortune so much Honour plac't!

114.

He informs the King that all the Country's fill'd
With the Enemies Troops, in every House and Grove
His *Sacred Head* at a set Value held
They seek, and near, now very near they move;

115.

What should they do? They from the Danger ta
Rash, hasty Counsel, yet from Heav'n inspir'd.
A spacious *Oak* he did his *Palace* make,
And safely in its hollow Womb retir'd.

116.

The Loyal Tree it's willing Boughs inclin'd
Well to receive the climbing Royal Guest,
(In Trees more Piety than Men we find)
And it's thick Leaves into an Arbour press't.

117. A

117.

A rugged Seat of Wood became his Throne,
 The bending Boughs his *Canopy* of State;
 With bowing Tops the Trees their King did own,
 And silently ador'd Him as He fate:

118.

Hail, Heaven's *Care*, and greatest *now* of Kings,
 A horrid Croud of saddest Miseries
 From Thee no undecent Tears or Sorrow brings,
 Or makes thy Reason Captive by Surprise.

119.

He's truly Great, who could at such a time
 Neither fear *Death*, nor yet of *Life* despair.
 This is a Work so Noble and Sublime,
 It chiefly do's a Royal Soul declare.

120.

If Fortune did your Kingdom basely seize,
 You Fortunes Kingdom from her Nobly gain.
 A *Just Revenger*: she will now have Peace
 With him who conquer'd Triumphs do's obtain.

121. The

121.

The Gods are pleas'd so great a Pair to Joyn
 But you will be discharg'd, the happy Birth
 Of that fair Year is nigh; from Heaven t'will shine
 Lighting with happy Stars the peaceful Earth.

122.

That glorious *Star* the shining Pomp do's lead
 Than all the starry Host more gay and bright,
 Which thirty Years before did Wonder breed,
 And signaliz'd your Birth with sacred Light.

123.

Daring at Noon to exert the Lamp of Night
 Boldly ith' open Face of Day it rose,
 New Light portending by unusual Light
 Did at Mid-day *Phæbus* himself oppose.

124.

Now once again with wondrous Light adorn
 The Heavens, rise at noon, *Auspicious Star*,
 Behold! your Royal *Charles* again is born
 To vital Life, and to a pleasant Air.

125. Be-

125.

Behold ! how gently *Monck's* strong artful Hand
 The labouring Prince delivers, and removes
 All Stops, he best this Art do's understand,
 And to deliver troubled Monarchs loves.

126.

Great generous Prince, return to life again,
 The beauteous golden *May* do's now arrive
 And your *Birth-day*, so long desir'd in vain ;
 Live, Generous Prince ; again, Great Monarch, Live.

127.

O Joyful, Charming, and Propitious Day ! (blest
 Triumph of conquering Peace ! when you most
Of Kings, through London made your glorious Way,
Mids't of three great Heroic Brothers plac't,

128.

Attended by a Noble splendid Train ;
 So many came this Triumph to behold
 You'd think the whole World *London* did contain ;
 Numberless Leaves in Woods as soon are told.

129. First

(33)

129.

First all cry out, *He comes* ; with one Consent,
Long live, King Charles, then the vast Tumult cries ;
Methinks their Joys (which with such noise they vent)
In Whirlwinds drove, should Forreign Lands surprize.

130.

Joys make us mad ; *Stoics*, permit our Cares
Now to be drown'd, and let short chearful Folly
At length impose an end to twenty Years
Of wretched Rage, and dismal Melancholy,

131.

Nor will the Island, which all o're do's burn
With festival bright Flames, now suffer Night
Succeed this Great Day in it's usual Turn ;
All the Island burns, the Seas a round are light.

132.

I omit the Peoples Banquets, Songs and Sports
Their boundless Laughter and their Tears to write,
For extreme Joy, which not it self supports,
VVith Pleasure gently sheds Tears sweet and white.

F

133. The

133.

The Wines which from the Conduits freely run
 Why should I name ? Rivers themselves should pour
(Since the true golden Age is now begun)
 Good Wine, far richer than Jove's golden Show'r.

134.

Now golden Months, and a bright Chain of Years
 Advance. Behold ! from part of Heav'n serene
Peace scattering the Clouds at length appears ;
Long Peace which had so long an exile been,

135.

Clapping her white Wings *Albion* she imbrac't,
 With her return'd Shame, Plenty, and Good Fame,
 And Piety in decent Habit dress'd,
 And Justice, which did Britain long disclaim,

136.

Wit, and Good Arts, and charming Liberty
 Which best do's flourish under Pious Kings.
 To these the Royal Mother do's apply
 As great a Blessing ; for Her Self She brings.

137. Great

137.

Great Mary comes after a Banishment
 In her own Country long and sad, 'tis strange ;
 Love to her Husband was the Crime they mean't,
 Now Heav'n do's Her reward, and Him revenge.

138.

Hail, Queen ! your Sexes Ornament and Pride,
 And Shame of ours, you both in prosperous Fate
 And adverse decently your Passions guide ;
 Your pious Tears Envy in Gods create,

139.

Your Husband *Charles* alone they envy, Heav'n
 Thinks him too highly with those Offerings blest ;
 You (while the Worlds Wheel is a round you driven)
 Remain unmov'd, in Virtu's Center plac'd.

140.

Now the most just of Kings applies his Mind
 To Government, the gaping Wounds of Wars
 With a sure gentle Hand to close and bind,
 And by degrees to hide the very Scars.

141.

To restore Laws their Force and Majesty,
 To polish *rusty Manners*, and redeem
 The antient *Faith*, and sincere *Honesty*,
 And the old *Glory of the English Name* :

142.

Such is the lately *return'd Masters Care*
 Of his neglected Garden, which he finds
 O're-run with Ruin, he do's gently pare
 Luxuriant Plants, the Loose and Wandring binds :

143.

He the Dejected raises and sustains,
 Much sets, and much extirpates, all's redress't ;
 Vast is the Work, but sweet ; for all his Pains
 By growing Beauties are repaid and blest.

144.

Great King, your Gardens, Towns and Cities are,
 To these you good and artful Culture give,
 All in fair Order you dispose with Care,
 And ev'n the Woods your Favour too receive :

145. You

(37)

145.

You raise their Kingdoms wasted and oppress'd
Young Plants the places of the Old supply,
Posterity beneath thy Shadows blest
(*Thou best Protector*) will securely lye.

146.

To you with chearful Gratitude they'll owe
Their Winter Fires, their summer Shades and Ease ;
Their fixed Houses too, and those which flow
In water, th' Oceans wooden Palaces.

147.

You now perhaps for Future Ages lay
Of Towns and Fleets Foundations strong and deep,
Living great Triumphs you will reap, and may
Sow Triumphs which *Posterity* shall reap.

148.

You forcing first your Way to Honour's name
Up the steep Hill where Glory do's proceed
To the bright Temples of exalted Fame
Your *Britains*, then from night exempt, shall lead.

149. You

149.

You shall the Watry World command, the Mild
 And Quiet loose, and bind the raging Sea,
 By the whole World the Ocean's Neptune stil'd,
 And your three Kingdoms shall your Trident be.

150.

What Madneſs is it, *Holland*, to contend
 With *England* for the Watry VWorld's Command?
 That Scepter nature did to her commend,
 In vain you ſtrive to wreſt it from her Hand.

151.

VWith VVaves by nature Sovereign *Britain's* crown'd,
 And *Amphitrite*, which another place
 Only ſalutes in part, do's flow around,
 And her beloved *Albion* embrace.

152.

Can you to th' Empire of the Sea pretend
 VWho ſcarce with artificial Banks reſiſt
 Th' insulting Ocean's Fury, and defend
 Your Towns, with his continual Siege oppreſt?

153. The

153.

The *High* and *Mighty Lords of Bogs and Ferns*
 (See how *Ambitions* foolish *Hopes* aspire !)
 Would on the *Sea* impose, but this *Pretence*
 The brave *Carolides* with *Rage* do's fire.

154.

Lo ! a *Dutch Fleet* cutting the empty *Main*
 Triumphs o're the absent as a vanquish't *Foe* :
 He'l soon be there, (*fierce Dutch*) and then in vain
 That you rejoyc't, you to your *Grief* will know.

155.

No sooner did *swift Fame* the rumour raise
 But *Valiant James* to *Sea* the *Navy* led,
 (*Profuse* of *Life*, and only fond of *Praise*)
 With as much *Hast* as after *Fight* they fled.

156.

When first the *English* at a distance spy'd
 The *Belgic Fleet*, they rais'd a mighty *Shout*,
 As when they long in furthest parts reside,
 At their return their *Country* they salute.

157. The

(40)

157.

The foremost Squadron with a prosperous gale
Brave *Rupert* led, (his Valour long had won
Renown by Sea and Land) who did prevail
And break the Naval *Horns* o' th' *Belgic* Moon.

158.

Strait *James* opposes to his trembling Foes
The middle Squadron, standing high in Sight
I'th' *Royal Charles*, a round his Head he throws
His naked Sword, and *Opdam* calls to Fight ;

159.

Nor do's brave *Opdam* the dire Honour shun
Here fiercely the Dutch *Admiral*, and there
The *English Admiral* the Fight begun,
And horrid Shows for both the Fleets prepare.

160.

VVhy do you, *Opdam*, to your Ruin run ?
This frantic Valour Heav'n do's not allow,
Is it Ambitious Pride that spurs you on
To 'a glorious Death by such a noble Foe ?

161. You

(41)

161.

You by a greater Hand shall suffer Death,
Heav'n a Reward for all your Crimes will send,
And will it self revenge your broken Faith,
Heaven which always do's it's *Charles* defend.

162.

That great Ship which of Guns a Hundred bore
Of men Six Hundred, free from hostile Harms,
Blown up into the Clouds, did loudly roar,
Scattering Flames, burn't Fragments, Legs and Arms.

163.

Perhaps Just Heav'n with *true Thunder* strook
The perjur'd Wretches, with revenging Hand ;
Amboyna's Crimes, and Peace so often broke
No gentler Expiations did demand ;

164.

Or else some accidental Fire did move
The Powder with resistless Fury driven ;
But Chance it self directed from Above
Must be accounted as the *Act of Heav'n*.

G

165. A

165.

A Burning Shipwrack in the Sea do's float,
 Terrible even to a pious Foe,
 And to be pity'd; but they can den^uote
 But little time to tender Pity now;

166.

Now in both Navies nothing do's appear
 But horrid Tumult, all Confusion seems; (Fear
 They Board; and the *Orange* nothing mov'd with
 By *Opdam's* Fate, encounters *Conquering James*.

167.

Bold above all, and worthy *Opdam's* Fate
 Did not the *English Bravery* require
 The Action of it's own Revenge and Hate;
 Down, down it sinks hissing with human Fire.

168.

Three Ships the *Fame*, much by the Goddess *Fame*
 To be renown'd, and three the *Dolphin* burns
 With a fierce Show'r of Sulphur and of Flame,
 Which in a moment Ships to Beacons turns;

169. There

(43)

169.

There seems a Captive Town in Flames by night,
So many Fires from several Places broke
At once, such *Pyramids of horrid Light* (Smoke
Pierc't through the Clouds and Darkness of the

170.

Who would imagine Fire so great a Sway
Should in the Empire of the Water bear?
Justly for Shame conceal'd the Waters lay,
They hid with Heaps of scatter'd Ruin are.

171.

With Sail-yards, Masts, Planks, broken Beaks, and
Ropes, Flags, and Arms, and Carcasses of men, (Sails
And men half dead, a Purple Dye prevails
(Where the Sea's open) and conceals the Green.

172.

It were an endless Labour to relate
All the Ships sunk and taken in the Fight,
To tell the many kinds of various Fate
Which were in that one Day expos'd to Sight;

G 2

173. In

(44)

173.

In various ways Address, and Wit appear,
Almost *Poetical Variety*
Of ways, by which Chance uses Mercy here
To some, and there to many Cruelty :

174.

Three young men Noble both in Parts and Blood
A brave Example to the World did give,
Who at once fell as they together stood,
And by one Bullet did their Death receive ;

175.

All three almost but the same *Carkass* were,
Three Brothers lying in Death's fertile Womb
Together ; Now who would not Fate declare
Cruel, and *Barbarous*, in this monstrous Doom ?

176.

But she is kind withal ; for next 'em stood
(Joys so near Danger trembling I declare)
The *Royal Admiral* sprinkled with their Blood,
As free from Wounds, as he was free from Fear :

177. With

With greater Vigour he the Foe pursues
 Burning with Grief and new-excited Rage,
 At length the *Dutch* though truly brave, refuse
 The *English*, with just Fury fir'd, to' engage.

The broken Remnants of the cruel Fight
 Fly scatt'ring through the Sea, whom *Rhene* admits
 At length, and seeing ours pursue their Flight,
 Trembles with Horror, and his *Horns* submits :

F I N I S.

Errata.

PAge the 23d. For Sloaths Opium, read Opium of
 Sloath. p. 28 for Smutch, r. Soot.

(45)

137.

The right of the public to the
use of the books of the
British Museum is a
subject of great importance.

138.

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139.



140.

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